

Her relish for the hoarse agony of his tone shocked Glo a little and interested her more than a little : for the first time more than two years she felt wholly free of him, no longer tugged by the memory of even a divided allegiance. The bent back and halting gait had brought her fierce pleasure as she watched him from the study window ; and, though she was debarred from watching him now, her imagination took heady delight in the thought of the long scene which he must even now be enacting with Margery.

As she turned from the window, she asked herself for a moment what either had done to merit such hatred ; but the answer was too long and complicated. She would not have wasted a thought on him if he had not forced himself on her memory.

*" And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard.*

She was still trying to remember how the verse ended when her husband's voice told her that it was time for her to be in bed and asleep.